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THE MAXX™

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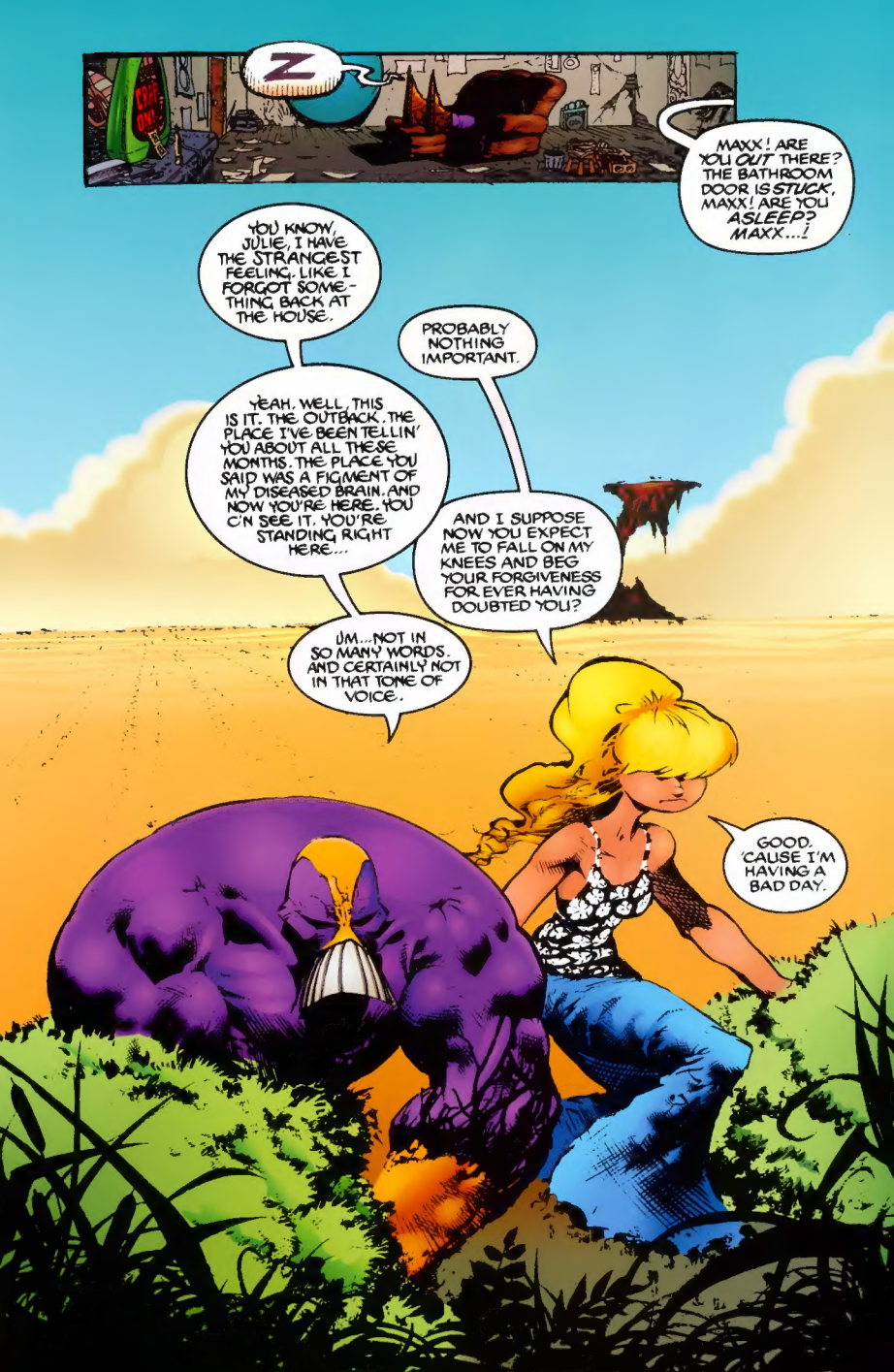
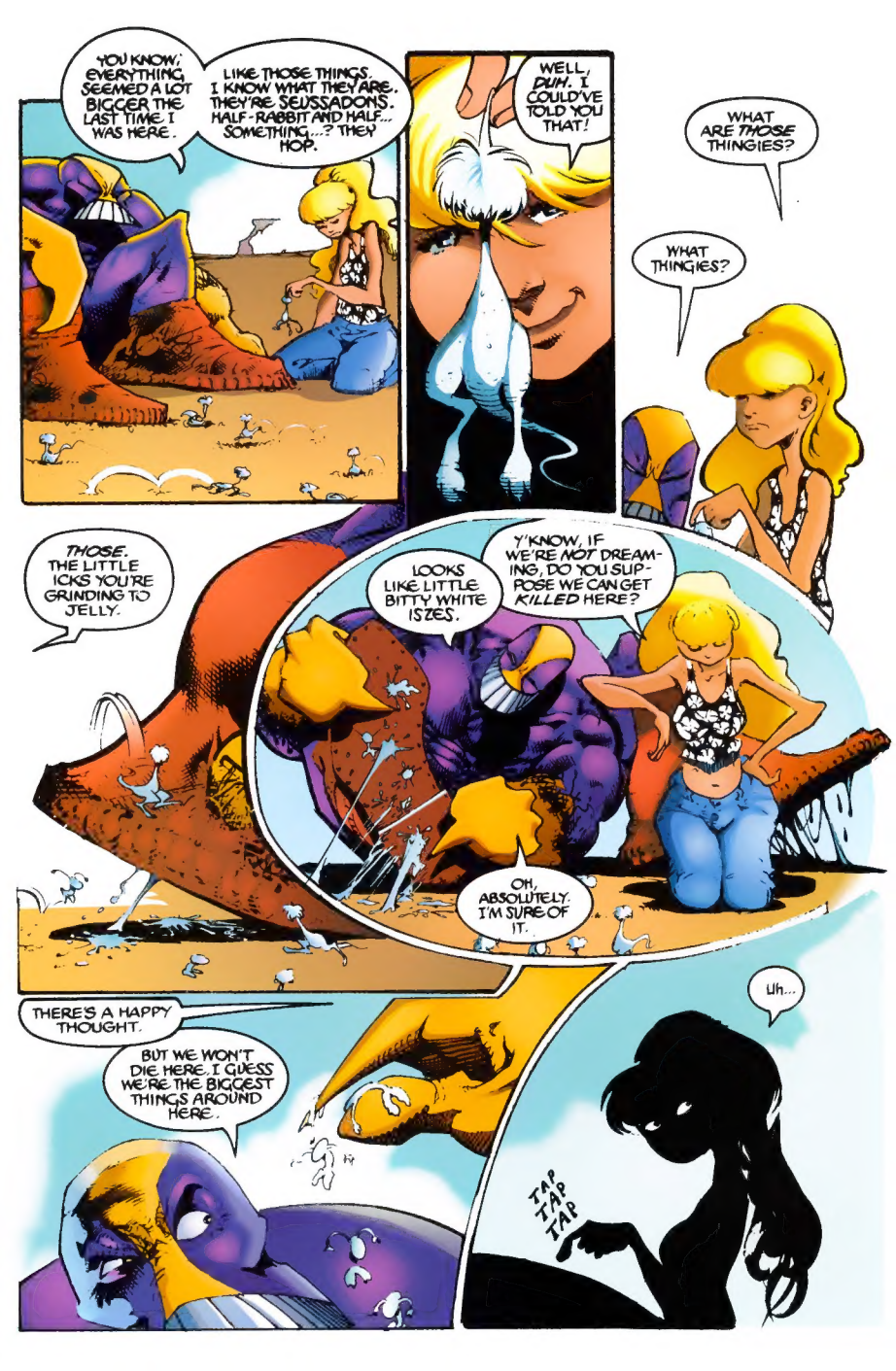
Printed in Canada

MEDICAL EXAMINER'S LAB.
DO YOU FEEL LIKE WE DO... OOOH...
'CORDIN' TO THE POLICE, THIS GOOD OL' BOY'S STREET NAME WAS TEEGO...
THEY FOUND 'IM IN A BOX IN SOME ALLEY... PROB'LY EXPLAINS WHY 'IS CLOTHES SMELL SO BAD!
THESE DEAD FELLAS IS SUPPOSED T'BE PEELED WHEN I GET 'EM!
S'FUNNY... ALMOST SEEMS LIKE 'IS BODY'S CHANGIN' SHAPE TH' CLOSER I GET T' TH' SKIN--
--WHAT TH--!
THAT--THAT AIN'T RIGHT! THAT AIN'T WHAT HE LOOKED LIKE WHEN HE WAS BRUNG IN!
IT'S--
--IT'S--
--UNNATURAL!
Eh?
MEEP!

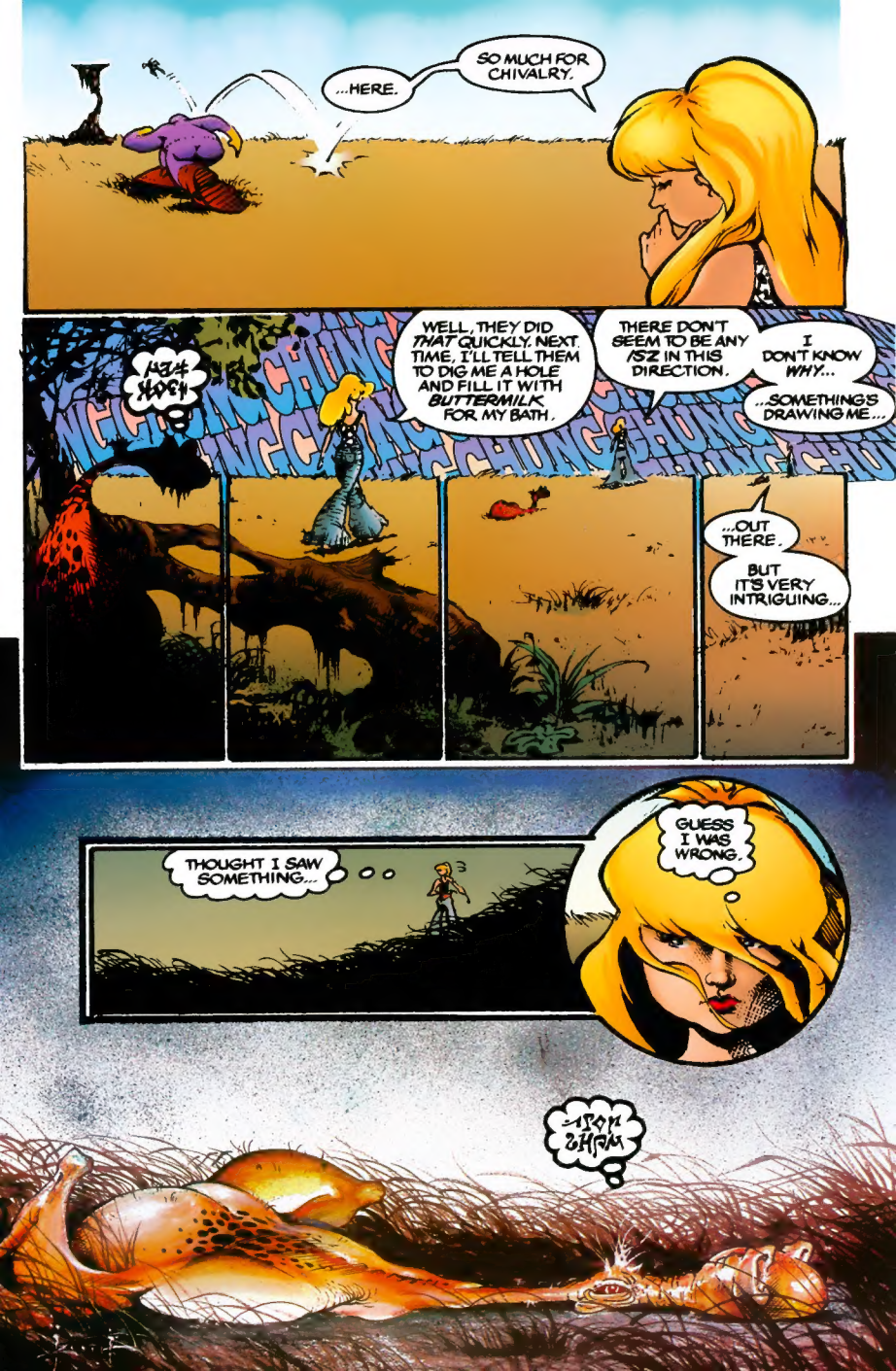

Z
CRASH ON!
MAXX! ARE YOU OUT THERE? THE BATHROOM DOOR IS STUCK, MAXX! ARE YOU ASLEEP? MAXX...!
YOU KNOW, JULIE, I HAVE THE STRANGEST FEELING. LIKE I FORGOT SOMETHING BACK AT THE HOUSE.
PROBABLY NOTHING IMPORTANT.
YEAH. WELL, THIS IS IT. THE OUTBACK. THE PLACE I'VE BEEN TELLIN' YOU ABOUT ALL THESE MONTHS. THE PLACE YOU SAID WAS A FIGMENT OF MY DISEASED BRAIN. AND NOW YOU'RE HERE. YOU C'N SEE IT. YOU'RE STANDING RIGHT HERE...
AND I SUPPOSE NOW YOU EXPECT ME TO FALL ON MY KNEES AND BEG YOUR FORGIVENESS FOR EVER HAVING DOUBTED YOU?
UM...NOT IN SO MANY WORDS. AND CERTAINLY NOT IN THAT TONE OF VOICE.
GOOD. 'CAUSE I'M HAVING A BAD DAY.


YOU KNOW, EVERYTHING SEEMED A LOT BIGGER THE LAST TIME I WAS HERE.
LIKE THOSE THINGS. I KNOW WHAT THEY ARE. THEY'RE SEUSSADONS. HALF-RABBIT AND HALF... SOMETHING...? THEY HOP.
WELL, DUH. I COULD'VE TOLD YOU THAT!
WHAT ARE THOSE THINGIES?
WHAT THINGIES?
THOSE. THE LITTLE ICKS YOU'RE GRINDING TO JELLY.
LOOKS LIKE LITTLE BITTY WHITE ISZES.
Y'KNOW, IF WE'RE NOT DREAMING, DO YOU SUPPOSE WE CAN GET KILLED HERE?
OH, ABSOLUTELY. I'M SURE OF IT.
THERE'S A HAPPY THOUGHT.
BUT WE WON'T DIE HERE. I GUESS WE'RE THE BIGGEST THINGS AROUND HERE.
UH...
TAP TAP TAP

GUESS AGAIN.

TIMMY! WHERE'S TIMMY?
HE WAS MY ONLY FRIEND AND NOW HE'S GONE! AND YOU KNOW SOMETHING! YOU TOOK HIM!
GIVE HIM BACK!
HEY!
WELL, JULIE'S MY ONLY FRIEND! AND IF YOU HURT HER I'LL...

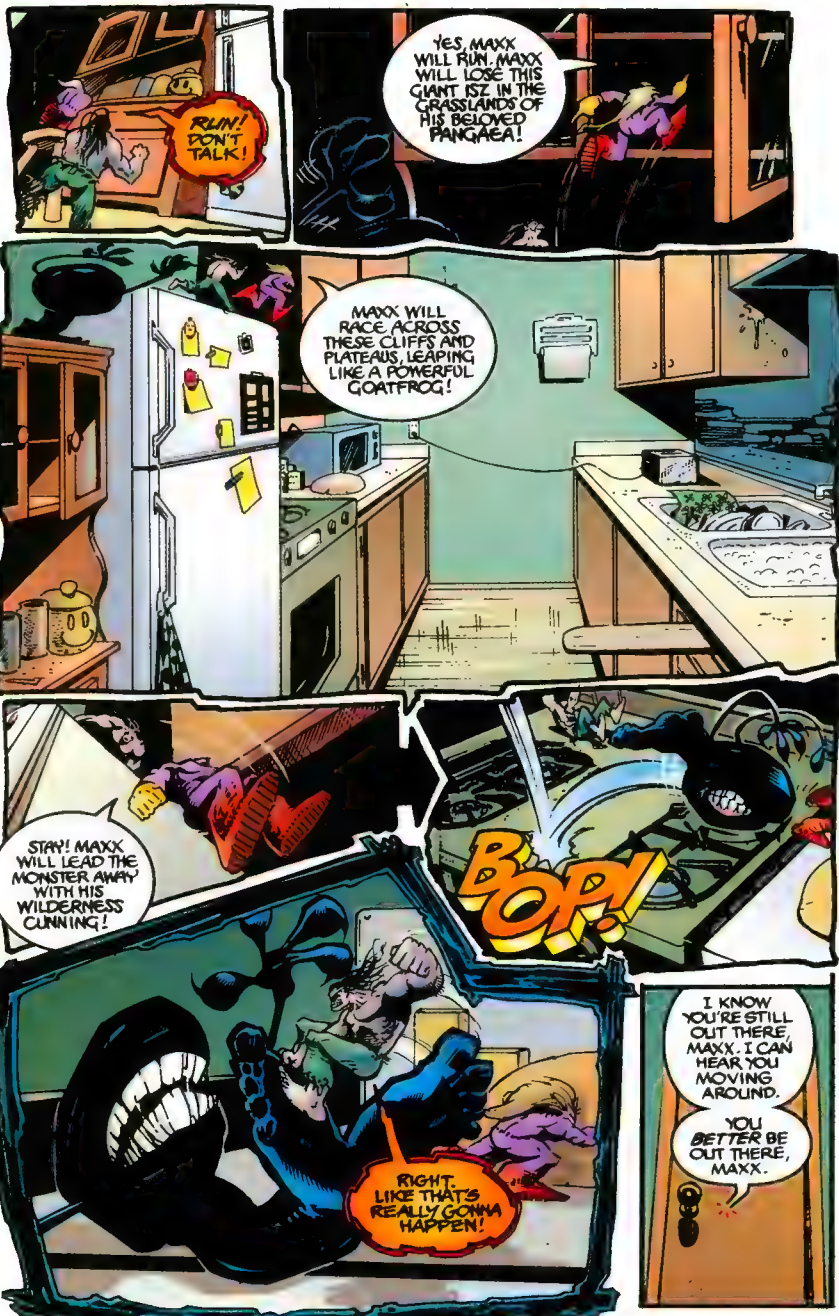
WILL YOU GUYS
KNOCK IT OFF!
GEEZ!
THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE, LIKE, MY CHANCE TO WORK THROUGH A BUNCH OF CATHARTIC CRAP!
I DIDN'T COME HERE TO HAVE YOU GUYS SCREW IT UP BY ACTING LIKE A COUPLE OF POSTER CHILDREN FOR TESTOSTERONE POISONING!
TRUST ME, THIS IS NOT SCORING YOU POINTS!
AND YOU, MISTER "I'M TOO GOOD TO HAVE NOSTRILS," WE DO NOT HAVE YOUR "TIMMY." WE DO NOT WANT YOUR "TIMMY," AND FURTHERMORE...
UH-OH.
...LOOK!
ISZ. LOTSA THEM.
EVEN AT THAT SIZE A BILLION OF THEM C'D SMOTHER US! YOU GUYS RUN FOR THAT CLIFF!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME. I'LL STAY RIGHT...

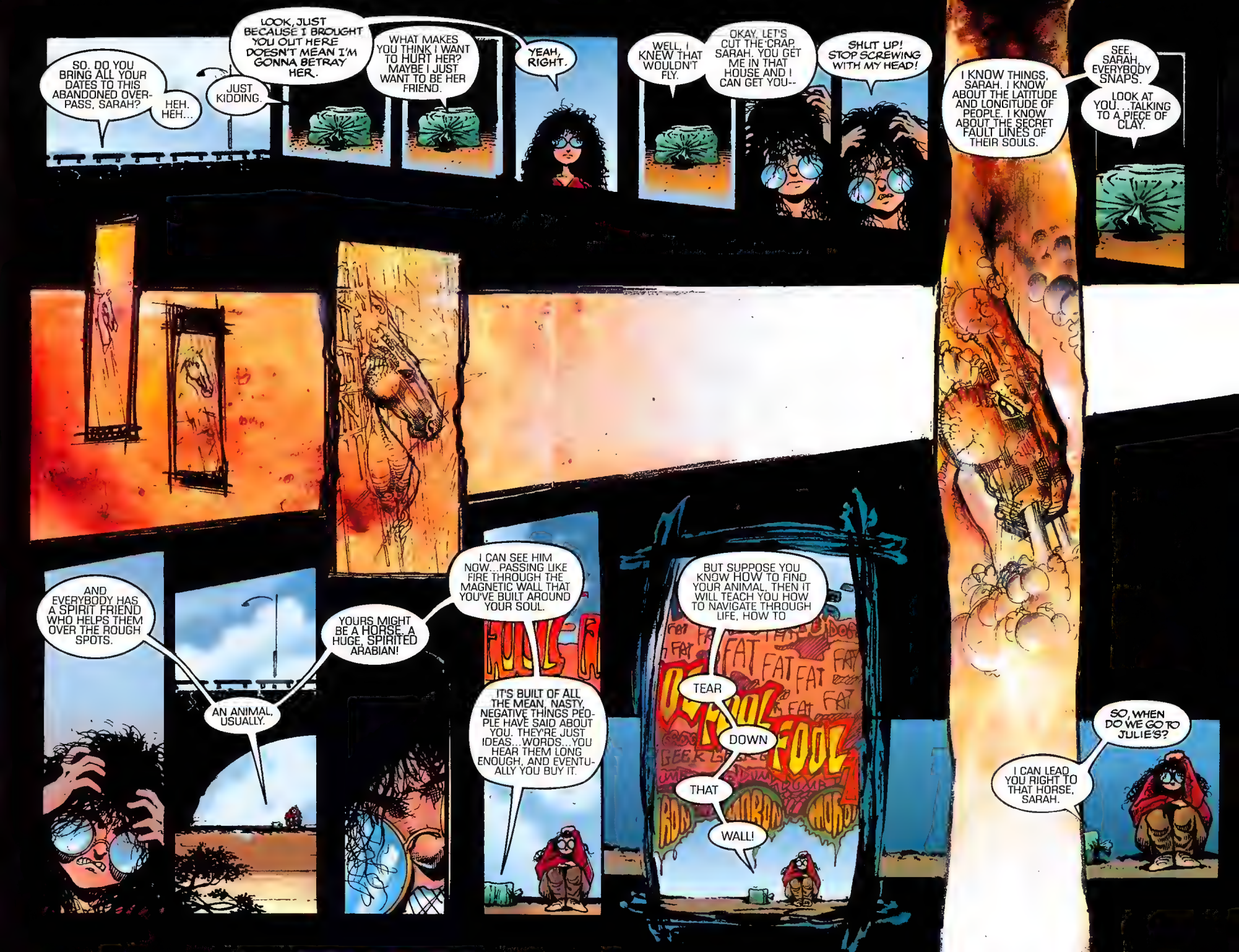

...HERE.
SO MUCH FOR CHIVALRY.
WELL, THEY DID THAT QUICKLY. NEXT TIME, I'LL TELL THEM TO DIG ME A HOLE AND FILL IT WITH BUTTERMILK FOR MY BATH.
THERE DON'T SEEM TO BE ANY ISZ IN THIS DIRECTION.
I DON'T KNOW WHY...
...SOMETHING'S DRAWING ME...
...OUT THERE.
BUT IT'S VERY INTRIGUING...
THOUGHT I SAW SOMETHING...
GUESS I WAS WRONG.

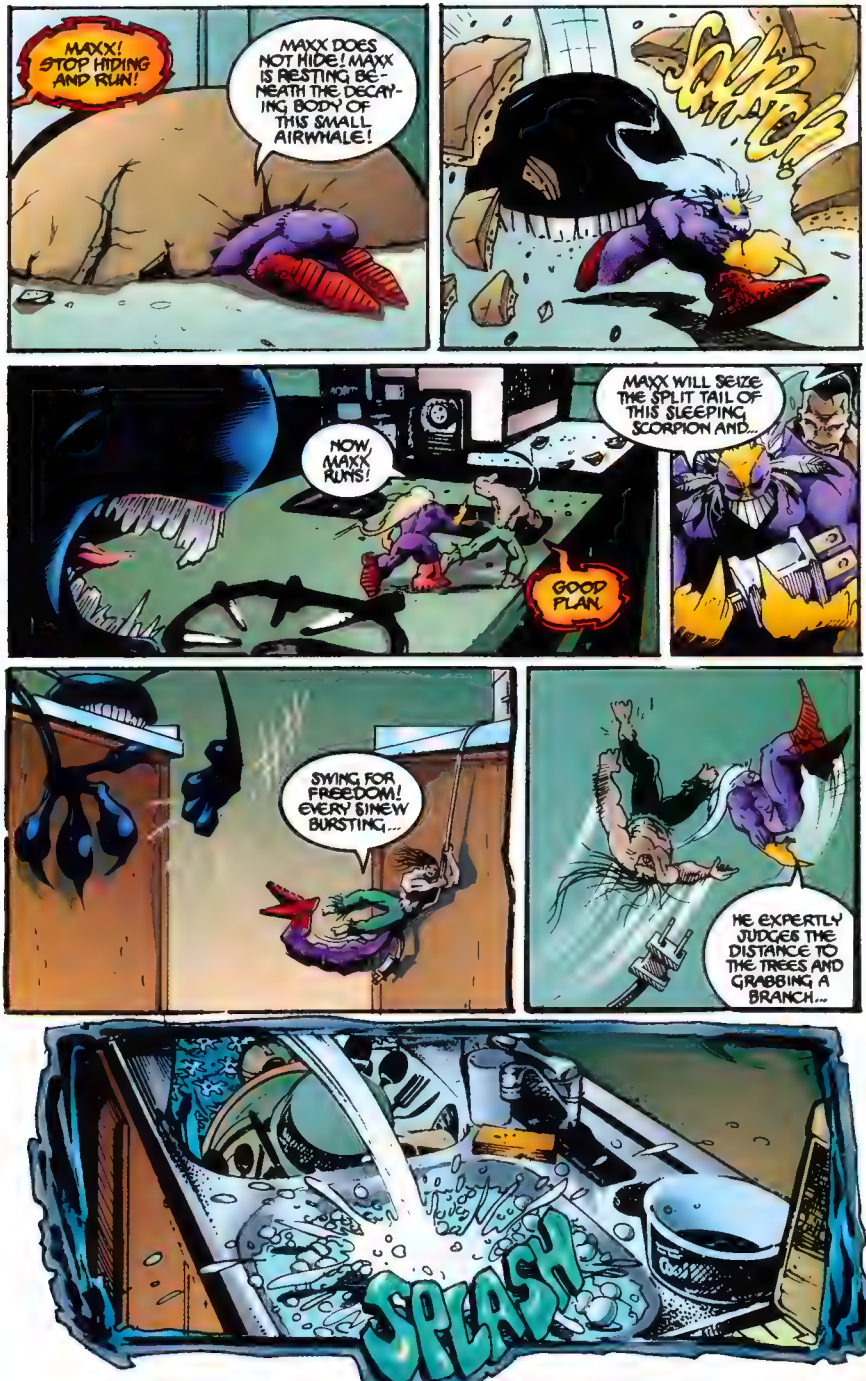
THE ELMER A. CRAFT HIGH SCHOOL ART DEPARTMENT.
I HATE INVENTORY. I HATE MRS. BRUSSLES.
ONE STUPID BOX... TWO STUPID BOXES... THREE...
LIFE SUCKS, HUH?
DOWN HERE, KIDDO.
HI, SARAH. I'M A MAGIC PIECE OF TALKING CLAY.
RIGHT.
NO, REALLY.
I CAN HELP YOU IF YOU SNEAK ME INTO JULIE WINTERS' HOUSE.
YOU KNOW ABOUT JULIE?
YOU MUST GET AROUND FOR A PIECE OF CLAY.
WELL, YEAH...FOR A PIECE OF CLAY.
WHY SHOULD I BETRAY JULIE FOR YOU?
"I THINK IT'S PRETTY IMPORTANT FOR A WRITER TO KNOW JUST HOW ROTTEN SHE CAN BE..."
GET OUT OF MY HEAD!
CLAY
YOU'LL BE BACK...AND WE CAN TALK AND PLAY GAMES, I DON'T KNOW...

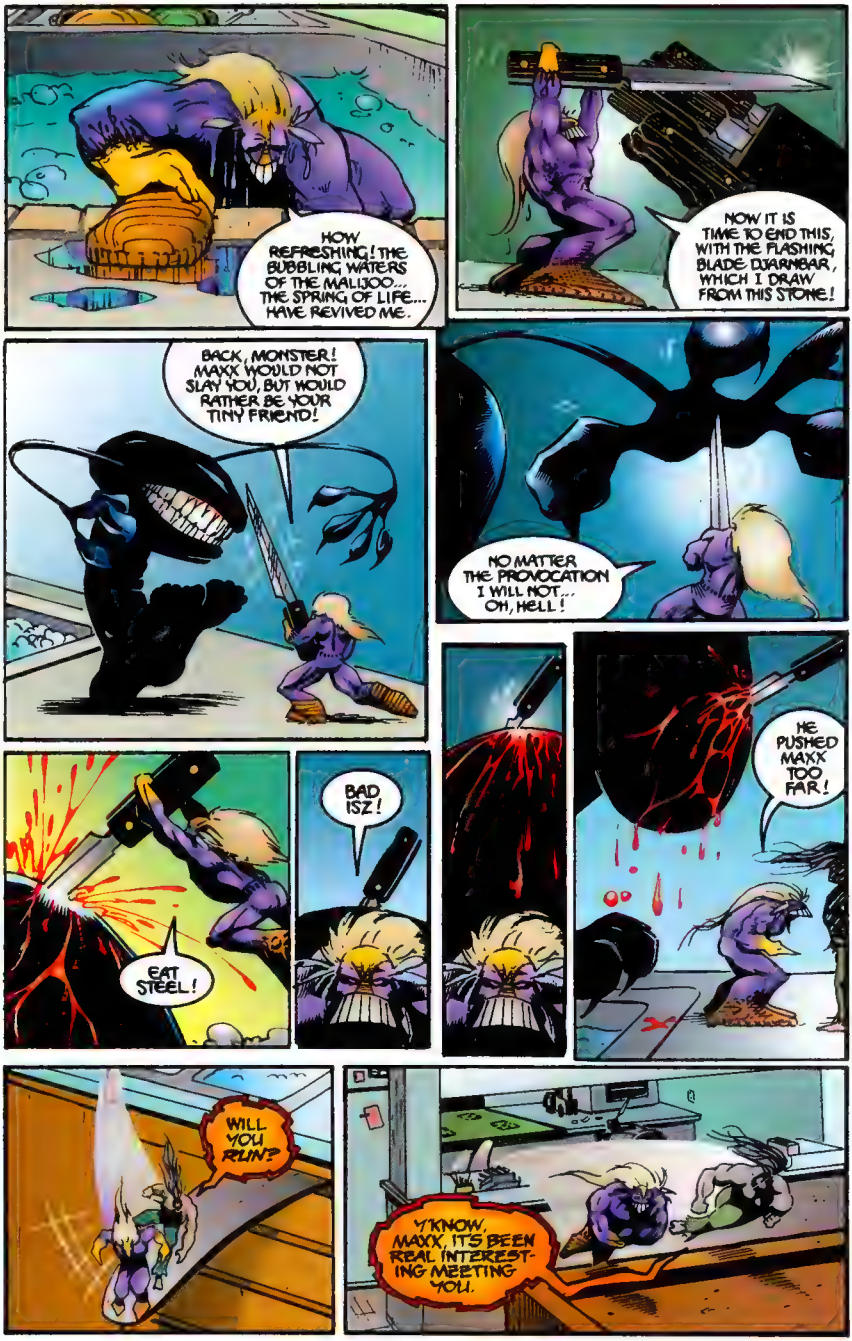
AND ON THE STAIRWELL LEADING TO JULIE WINTERS' APARTMENT...
TIMMY.
TIMMY... WAIT.
TIMMY... WHERE DID YOU GO...?
YOU! WHAT DID YOU DO WITH...?
SUDDENLY, EVERYTHING CHANGES!

I AM THE MAXX! HE WHO IS PROTECTOR OF THIS LAND!
AND YOU ARE A POWERFULLY BUILT STRANGER WHO HAS COME TO CHALLENGE MAXX, FOR WE ARE THE TWO BIGGEST CREATURES IN THIS WORLD!
GUESS AGAIN.
ANY CLUE AS TO WHO THIS GUY IS?
HE WOULD BE AN ISZ, EXCEPT THEY ARE SMALL. AND LIVE UNDERGROUND AND ONLY ATTACK IN GROUPS. AND ARE COLORED LIGHT GRAY AND...

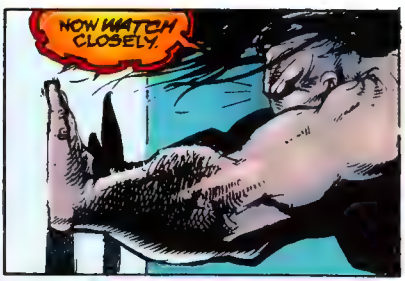

RUN! DON'T TALK!
YES, MAXX WILL RUN. MAXX WILL LOSE THIS GIANT ISZ IN THE GRASSLANDS OF HIS BELOVED PANGAEA!
MAXX WILL RACE ACROSS THESE CLIFFS AND PLATEAUS, LEAPING LIKE A POWERFUL GOATFROG!
STAY! MAXX WILL LEAD THE MONSTER AWAY WITH HIS WILDERNESS CUNNING!
BOOP!
RIGHT. LIKE THAT'S REALLY GONNA HAPPEN!
I KNOW YOU'RE STILL OUT THERE, MAXX. I CAN HEAR YOU MOVING AROUND.
YOU BETTER BE OUT THERE, MAXX.


SO, DO YOU BRING ALL YOUR DATES TO THIS ABANDONED OVER-PASS, SARAH?
HEH. HEH...
JUST KIDDING.
LOOK, JUST BECAUSE I BROUGHT YOU OUT HERE DOESN'T MEAN I'M GONNA BETRAY HER.
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I WANT TO HURT HER? MAYBE I JUST WANT TO BE HER FRIEND.
YEAH, RIGHT.
WELL, I KNEW THAT WOULDN'T FLY.
OKAY, LET'S CUT THE CRAP, SARAH. YOU GET ME IN THAT HOUSE AND I CAN GET YOU--
SHUT UP! STOP SCREWING WITH MY HEAD!
I KNOW THINGS, SARAH. I KNOW ABOUT THE LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE OF PEOPLE. I KNOW ABOUT THE SECRET FAULT LINES OF THEIR SOULS.
SEE, SARAH, EVERYBODY SNAPS.
LOOK AT YOU...TALKING TO A PIECE OF CLAY.
AND EVERYBODY HAS A SPIRIT FRIEND WHO HELPS THEM OVER THE ROUGH SPOTS.
AN ANIMAL, USUALLY.
YOURS MIGHT BE A HORSE, A HUGE, SPIRITED ARABIAN!
I CAN SEE HIM NOW...PASSING LIKE FIRE THROUGH THE MAGNETIC WALL THAT YOU'VE BUILT AROUND YOUR SOUL.
IT'S BUILT OF ALL THE MEAN, NASTY, NEGATIVE THINGS PEOPLE HAVE SAID ABOUT YOU. THEY'RE JUST IDEAS...WORDS...YOU HEAR THEM LONG ENOUGH, AND EVENTUALLY YOU BUY IT.
BUT SUPPOSE YOU KNOW HOW TO FIND YOUR ANIMAL, THEN IT WILL TEACH YOU HOW TO NAVIGATE THROUGH LIFE, HOW TO
TEAR
DOWN
THAT
WALL!
FAT
FOOL
SO, WHEN DO WE GO TO JULIE'S?
I CAN LEAD YOU RIGHT TO THAT HORSE, SARAH.

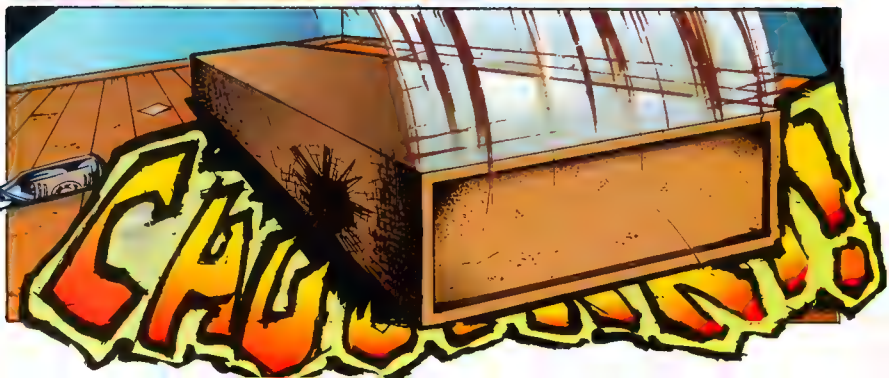

MAXX! STOP HIDING AND RUN!
MAXX DOES NOT HIDE! MAXX IS RESTING BENEATH THE DECAYING BODY OF THIS SMALL AIRWHALE!
SWIP
NOW, MAXX RUNS!
GOOD PLAN.
MAXX WILL SEIZE THE SPLIT TAIL OF THIS SLEEPING SCORPION AND...
SWING FOR FREEDOM! EVERY SINEW BURSTING...
HE EXPERTLY JUDGES THE DISTANCE TO THE TREES AND GRABBING A BRANCH...
SPLASH

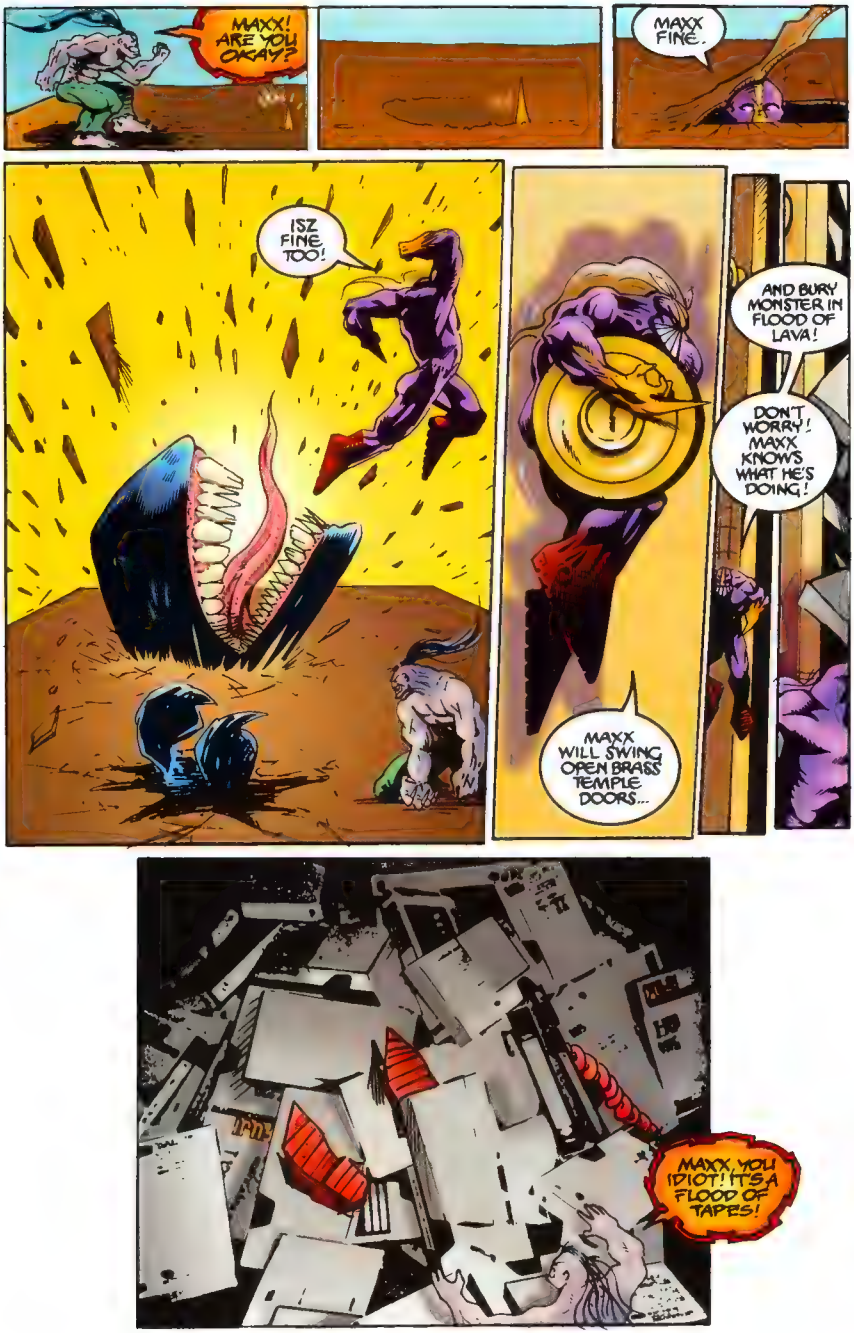

HOW REFRESHING! THE BUBBLING WATERS OF THE MALIJOO... THE SPRING OF LIFE... HAVE REVIVED ME.
NOW IT IS TIME TO END THIS, WITH THE FLASHING BLADE DJARMBAR, WHICH I DRAW FROM THIS STONE!
BACK, MONSTER! MAXX WOULD NOT SLAY YOU, BUT WOULD RATHER BE YOUR TINY FRIEND!
NO MATTER THE PROVOCATION I WILL NOT... OH, HELL!
EAT STEEL!
BAD ISZ!
HE PUSHED MAXX TOO FAR!
WILL YOU RUN?
Y'KNOW, MAXX, IT'S BEEN REAL INTERESTING MEETING YOU.

I DON'T USUALLY GET TO BE THE SMARTEST GUY IN THE ROOM!


NOW WATCH CLOSELY.

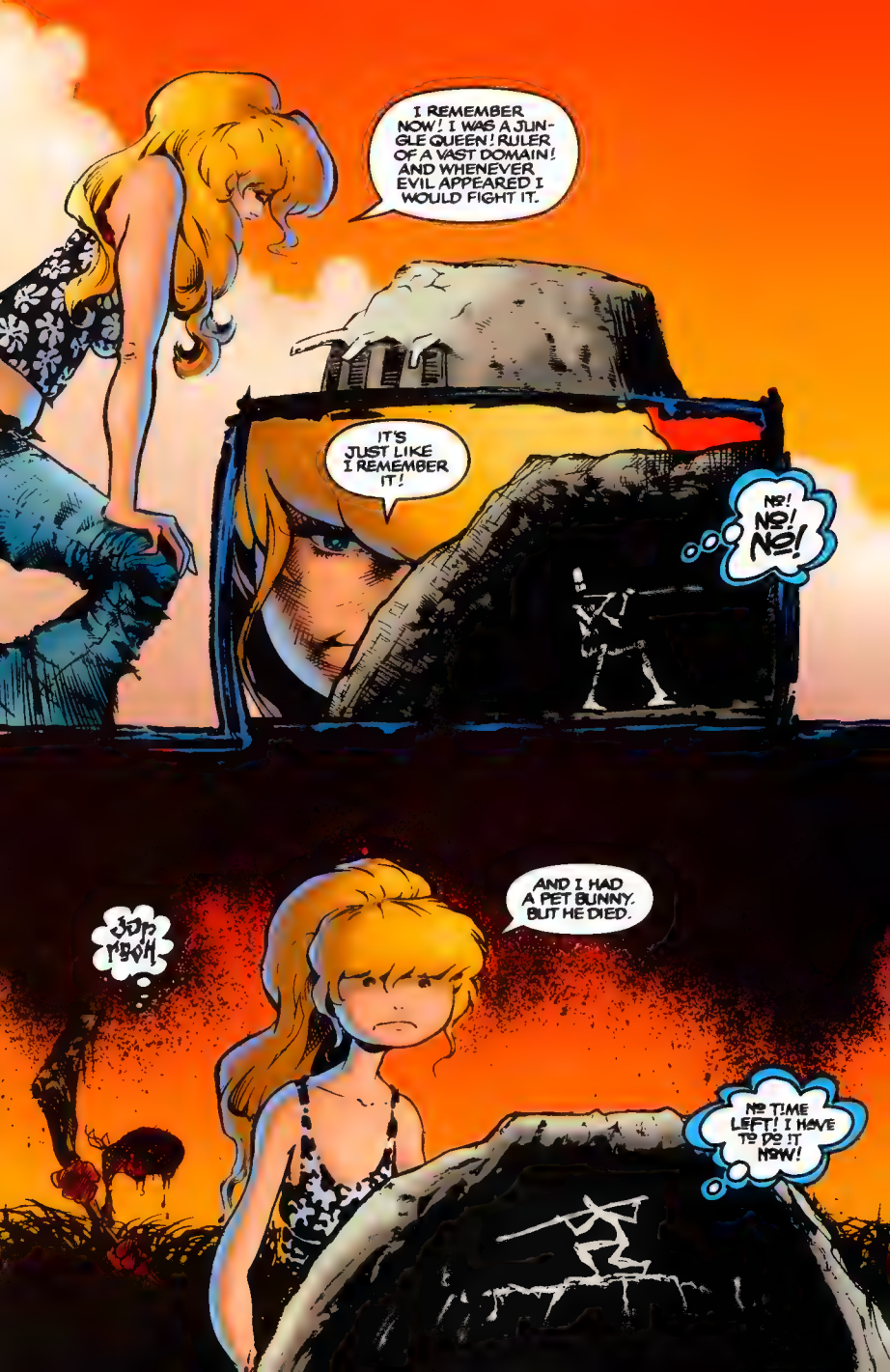
I'M ABOUT TO MAKE ALL OUR PROBLEMS DISAPPEAR!


CRUNCH!


MAXX! ARE YOU OKAY?
MAXX FINE.
ISZ FINE, TOO!
AND BURY MONSTER IN FLOOD OF LAVA!
DON'T WORRY! MAXX KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING!
MAXX WILL SWING OPEN BRASS TEMPLE DOORS...
MAXX YOU IDIOT! IT'S A FLOOD OF TAPES!

UHH. I GUESS SHE'S NOT HOME.
YOU'RE SURE YOU GOT THE RIGHT PLACE?
OUCH! CAREFUL, SARAH. I'M A SENSITIVE PIECE OF CLAY!
WILL YOU SHUT UP?! I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHY I'M DOING THIS!
MY WORLD SUCKS, BUT AT LEAST IT'S KIND OF NORMAL...
AND ONCE I GET RID OF YOU, IT'LL BE...
...SANE...
SARAH.
SARAH?
YOU STOPPED TALKING, SARAH. I CAN'T HEAR YOU.
I AM INSIDE, RIGHT?
YOU HAVEN'T PLAYED A JOKE ON OL' MR. CLAY, HAVE YOU?
CLICK
YOU BETTER NOT'VE!
SARAH!

WHAT A FUNNY LITTLE HOUSE! JUST LIKE THE ONE I MADE OUT OF CLAY AND POPSICLE STICKS WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL!
SHE'S STARTING TO REMEMBER! NOT NOW! IT'S TOO SOON!
IF WE ALL RETURN TO "NORMAL," I'LL PROBABLY END UP WITHOUT A HEAD!
BUT IF I NAIL THAT THING WITH A POISON DART...
...IT'LL BUY ME SOME TIME.


I REMEMBER NOW! I WAS A JUNGLE QUEEN! RULER OF A VAST DOMAIN! AND WHENEVER EVIL APPEARED I WOULD FIGHT IT.
IT'S JUST LIKE I REMEMBER IT!
NO! NO! NO!
AND I HAD A PET BUNNY. BUT HE DIED.
SOB SOB
NO TIME LEFT! I HAVE TO DO IT NOW!

SUDDENLY...

AND ELSEWHERE...
PITT! PULL ME UP. PITT!
THERE ARE A LOT OF ISZES DOWN THERE, PITT. DON'T JUST STARE AT THEM! PULL ME UP!
TIMMY. THEY ARE ALL... TIMMY...
BUT... WHERE ARE TIMMY'S...
...EYES?
WHAT? SNAP OUT OF IT, PITT!

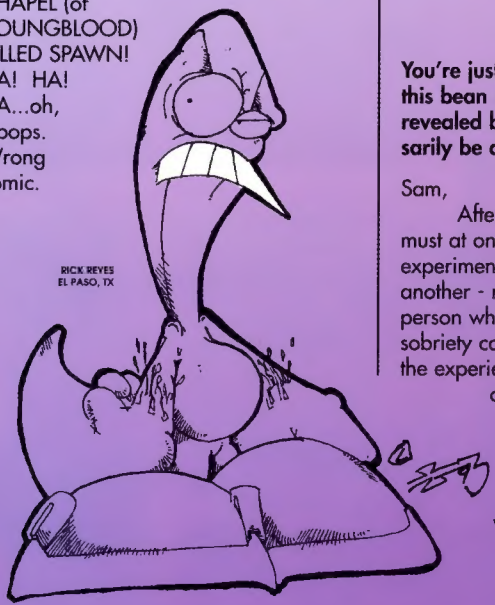
GRAB MY HAND! PULL ME UP! DON'T JUST STAND THERE SAYING "TIMMY"!
KILL!
TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT ISSUE!
THE BURNING, BARBED RING OF MEMORY!

Maxx Traxx #7

Mike "Funkydetailmeister" Taylor did some work in Issue #6, but was left off the credits...Sorry, Mike!
Maxx cards are out. Check 'em out!
Good feedback on the Crappon sequence in Ish 5. A sample:
"...really cool!" (Ben Saylor)
"...neat and weird" (Joe Marmon)
"...original" (Cory Baker)
"...wacky...bent" (Michael Springstead)
Thanxx, Dave and Bill!

HAHAHAHA!

Yes! I've FINALLY figured it ALL out! The SECRETS, the INTRIGUE, it FINALLY makes SENSE NOW! HA! YES! I have you RIGHT where I want you! HAHAHAHA! Because I've FIGURED IT OUT! YES! I KNOW THAT CHAPEL (of YOUNGBLOOD) KILLED SPAWN! HA! HA! HA...oh, woops. Wrong comic.



Sorry.
Hee Hee.
Oh well.
Came close, right?
Hmm.

Sincerely,
Charles Choi
Flushing, New York

Mr. Kieth,

Let me see if I've gotten this straight...The Maxx's real face is made up of loosely knit beans. Beans! If this is the kind of stuff Loebs feels he must write, then I think it's time for him to kick on an old Eagles album and think about writing The Maxx Meets Wardrum, or whoever that frontier guy he used to do is (Journey?).
The Maxx #5...More fun than watching Nell Carter work out to Cindy Crawford!!

Thank You,
Toby Mays
Eureka, CA

You're just going to have to trust me on this bean stuff. Everything will be revealed by the end (but it won't necessarily be any less confusing...)

Sam,

After reading THE MAXX #5, I must at once accuse you of at least experimenting with drugs at one time or another - namely, hallucinogens. No person who has led a life of continuous sobriety could have possibly extracted the experiences of THE MAXX from their own mind. Very impressive.
As far as I know, the first and only successful documentation of the extreme paranoia that can occur is with acid trips, for the ultimate

terror lies within the Self, a theme which you have excellently presented.

A well-earned reader.

Matt Pulver
Temple City, CA

KEVIN FLANAGAN
UPTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Sam,

I've read every issue of MAXX and I can honestly say...what the hell is going on? Am I the only one who's confused?

Tom Blasingame
Ft. Smith, AR

P.S. The book is great; ABBA sucks.

When I first read your letter, I didn't want to print it because you're not alone. Many people are confused after reading THE MAXX (to quote the great Todd McFarlane, "Huh?"). It made me sad and I feared I was a bad storyteller, that no one likes me, and that I will die penniless, homeless, and ten pounds overweight. But denial ain't just a river in Egypt. Before long, I bounced back and am now thoroughly convinced that those who don't understand my stories are full of wee-wee.

Dear Sam,

Congratulations! You must have one of the most simultaneously weird and thought-provoking lettercols in the biz. Who needs the McLaughlin Group when you have MAXX TRAXX. The only drawback being that now I'm going to have to read Paglia's books, which I haven't been able to do because they're out at the library, and there's no way I'm going to shell out money for them...with all due respect to Ms. Paglia, Mr. Limbaugh, etc. I think opinions are much like sex in this way: why pay if you can get it for free?

But I digress. Back to what I originally wanted to write to you about. I'd like to applaud your handling of the story. I think it's absolutely amazing - your control of it. Considering your mail, or at least the fraction of it that gets published, a lesser writer might be tempted to prematurely resolve the many issues that you drummed up at the expense of the story. I have only recently become acquainted with your work (MAXX #1), so I was expecting this. So when it hadn't happened after MAXX #4 (the wait for which was truly excruciating, hint, hint), I was elated. You managed to tell a story, <u>just tell a story,</u> and a very good one at that, which is so rare and in lesser hands might have produced a sterile, uninvolving, turkey of a tale. But what you do is the polar opposite. You had better be proud. Keep up the great work.

Respect and regards,
Sledge Hammer
Kirkwood, MO

Gee, I wish I'd read this letter before the others - I wouldn't have needed so much dee-ny-ul.

Dear SAMurai,

I just got MAXXimum Sound and it was sooo killer. I loved it. THE MAXX translates extremely well to tape. The sound and voices were all great except for one thing: Maxx's voice. It just doesn't work well. Sorry. But I have found a solution! If MAXXimum Sound is played while using the High-Speed Dubbing function on a stereo, Maxx's voice is transformed into one of The Chipmunks with gravel stuck in his throat. Trust me. It is so cool! Just try it

KARI TUTTLE
GRAND MARAIS, MN

out. It sounds great! Really!

Sincerely,
John Son
Redondo Beach, CA

P.S. Maxx's high-speed voice is best when he says "Crap", "Damn", and "Eat droppings".

DAVE QUIGGLE
ERIE, PA

Dear Mr. Kieth,

I didn't pick up Marvel Comics Presents because it wasn't a #1. Then I saw it...THE MAXX #1! "Weird," I thought. Then, "Hey! It's that one guy with the funny autograph who does big feet". I bought it and read it. "A new world just opened," I thought. It was then that I realized that a #1 issue isn't worth jack squat if I don't like the story.

On another note, MAXXIMUM SOUND RULES!!!!! I got it much earlier than you said I would, and that's cool. IT ROCKS!!! I loved Maxx's and Mr. Gone's voice. AWESOME!!!! Julie wasn't what I expected. SO WHAT!?!?!? I love the way the Isz sound. MEEP!!!

Adam Carey
Lenexa, KS

Thanks for your cool letter, but I left out the part where you whined about not getting the glow.

Dear Mr. Kieth,

Is that Calvin and Hobbes in Issue #6 in THE MAXX? If it is, I have a few comments to make. Hobbes is Calvin's spirit animal (in a sense) and Julie has a spirit animal, but it has not yet been revealed to us what that is. I think that you are comparing Calvin and Hobbes with Julie and Maxx (making Maxx Julie's spirit anmal).

Sincerely,
Calvin V. Poysky
I.H.B., FL

This letter makes me think, which is something I'm generally against. But since you brought it up, Maxx as Julie's spirit animal - that sounds pretty close. Very close, actually. But even though I tried, I just can't see the resemblance to C and H, and if <u>you're</u> a <u>loyal</u> Maxx-head, you will see any references to persons (or animals) living or dead as <u>purely coincidental</u>, right? Have I over-explained this enough?

Dear Mr. God-like Kieth,

I am sitting in my art class with my friends. We have to do a cheezy project on our favorite artists. And of course, not being an artist but a god, I picked MR. SAM KIETH, while others pick feeble pawns in the art world like Picasso, Van Gogh, and Georgia O'Keefe. My beautiful friend Lindsey is concerned about what I am doing. But I calmly stated that I am starting a cult in your name.

After reading the letters in the back of THE MAXX #6, I totally agree with Jason M. Fox of Henderson, Kentucky. Maxx needs a Pez dispenser. Yes, a Pez dispenser. Not only would it be super mondo rad, but people who do not grasp The Maxx can comfort that. Even though they do not read Maxx and don't understand it, they can still eat little flavored candies from his head. Oh please, Oh please, Oh please give us a Maxx Pez Dispenser.

Your worthy follower,
Blake Myers
Buford, GA

Dear Mr. Kieth,

I'd like to say The Maxx Pez dispenser idea would never work. If you ever tried to get the candy by touching Maxx's mask and flipping it up, it would bite your finger off and would give the play-by-play while you bleed to death. Have a nice day.

Sincerely,
Ranger Joe
Genoa, IL

Gee, I never thought of that. I'm not sure even PEZ is worth losing a finger over...

ERIC SPELLMAN
TAYLORSVILLE, MS

Dear Sam,

ABBA sucks.
Disco is Satan.
The 60's are dead.
Peace is old-fashioned.
Bellbottoms, though.
Maxx is.
I love you, Julie.
Pez...

Coolage,
Brian William
Covington, VA

Dear Sam,

How can THE MAXX glue his claws shut (Issue #6), but still have them stiff enough to be able to stab things with them?

Joe Granski II
Burke, VA

Gee, glue always make ME stiff...

Mr. Kieth,

I am writing in defense of the Total Maxx Fan who got his letter published in THE MAXX #3. I am here to tell The Sandman and Ken Wiatrek (Issue #6) that I too have no idea who Franzetta or Paglia are. Nor do I care who these Feminists are. All of you are being a bit hard on him, so I'm coming out of the closet to say that I'm as illiterate as he. To be perfectly honest, I attend Mohawk College in Hamilton, ONT. and still have never heard of them. Please stop bashing this poor guy because, as you can see, he's not alone. The rest of you out there, come out of the closet and announce your illiteracy.

Not afraid to sign his name,
Robert Fisher

Dear Sam,

You know when you had Julie strapped up in Issue #2? I know why you did it. I know why, but don't worry - I won't tell.

Your blackmailer,
Stephen Smith
Roxboro, N C

P.S. I'm just trying to get in your comic book.

P.S. It worked.

BRYAN SHINN